

Holding hands

In Holding hands, the performers appear as one organism with two different personalities.

Bright neon light floods both stage and audience areas. Floor, back curtain and walls: all is white. Almost nothing seems to happen, but what happens is in great detail and absolute precision. In the performers' faces, posture and breathing a melodrama takes place where all narrative elements have been sifted out. The experiment reads: can one bear such lack of narrative? Can one bear reading emotions without cause and effect? The public is repeatedly questioning its expectations. In the lit audience, the faces of the viewers start reflecting the performers faces and the audience becomes a distorting mirror of the stage. Meanwhile, the show follows a precise score, doubled by two bodies...

"Here we stand holding hands. You are so cute - and you are too. We have obviously different personalities but we are holding on to and beholden to each other. Sometimes I think our hair is really the same color. But your center of gravity is somewhere else than mine. The more synchronized we appear, the more differences get visible. Whose will are we following? We form a singular organism with one or two minds. You are gay in everything you do, every gesture, and I like being dyke beside you. We see different ways of surviving - changing towns together, always one home and the other one not. Why do we still go to the movies to cry? What goes on in your face while the great passions affect the Star's face? We are both obsessed. But I don't know if I would have matched us up five years ago. Of course we've both changed a lot but sometimes I think that I change because of what we do together. Maybe we are merging slowly like two icebergs, so slowly that we don't even notice it. Could you watch a play like a landscape or a face where feelings pass by like light weather changes?"

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